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Sleepy little Toddlekins
In the corn-field lay;
Resting on a pumpkin vine
Tired out with play;
Golden head on golden pillow
Dropped to sleep at last,
While the shades of afternoon
Slowly lengthened past.

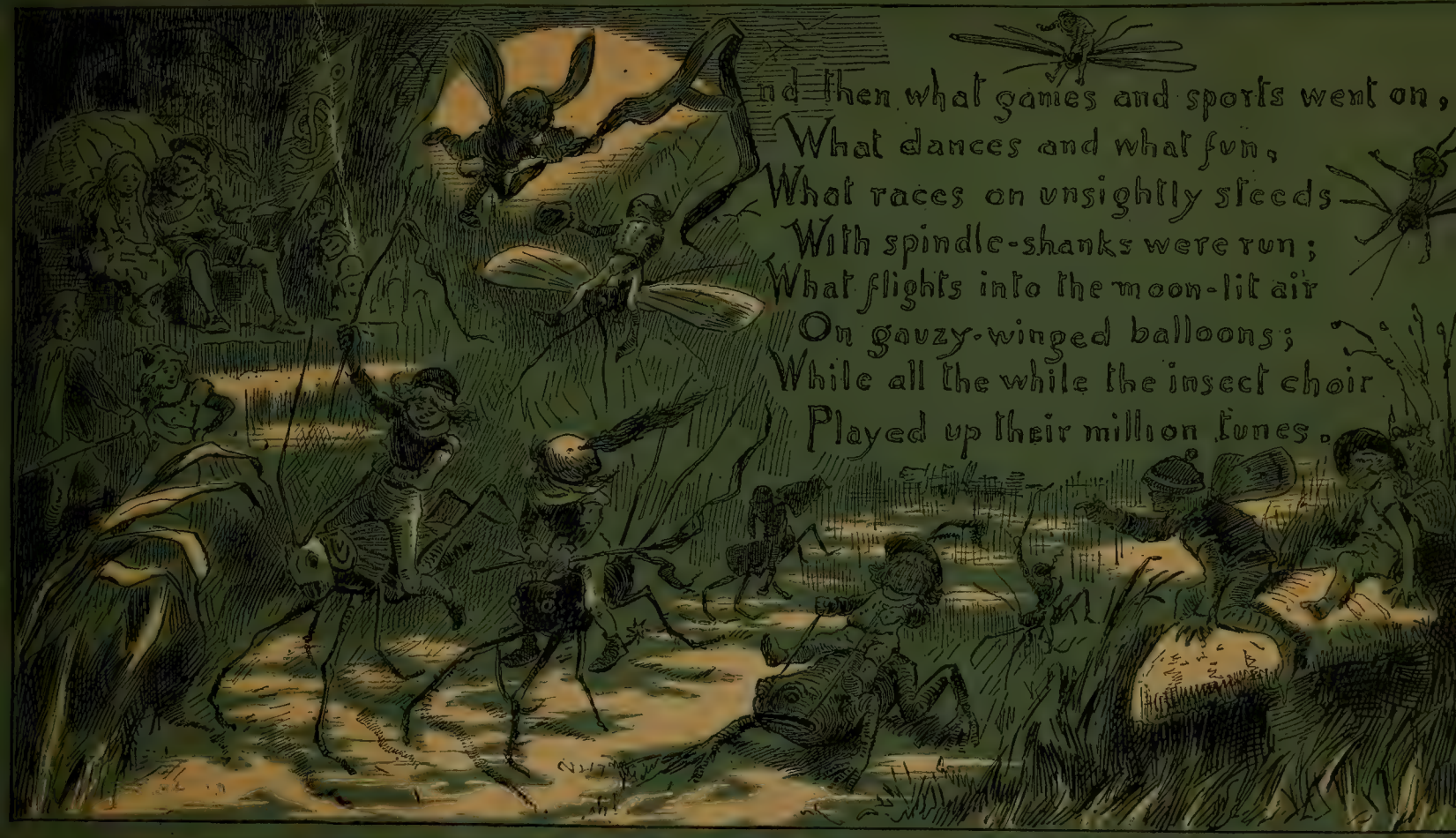
unset faded, twilight melted
Into balmy night,
And the lazy harvest moon
Slowly crept in sight:
The insect choir began to stir,
Each tuned his little flute,
And joining with the katydids,
Began the great dispute.

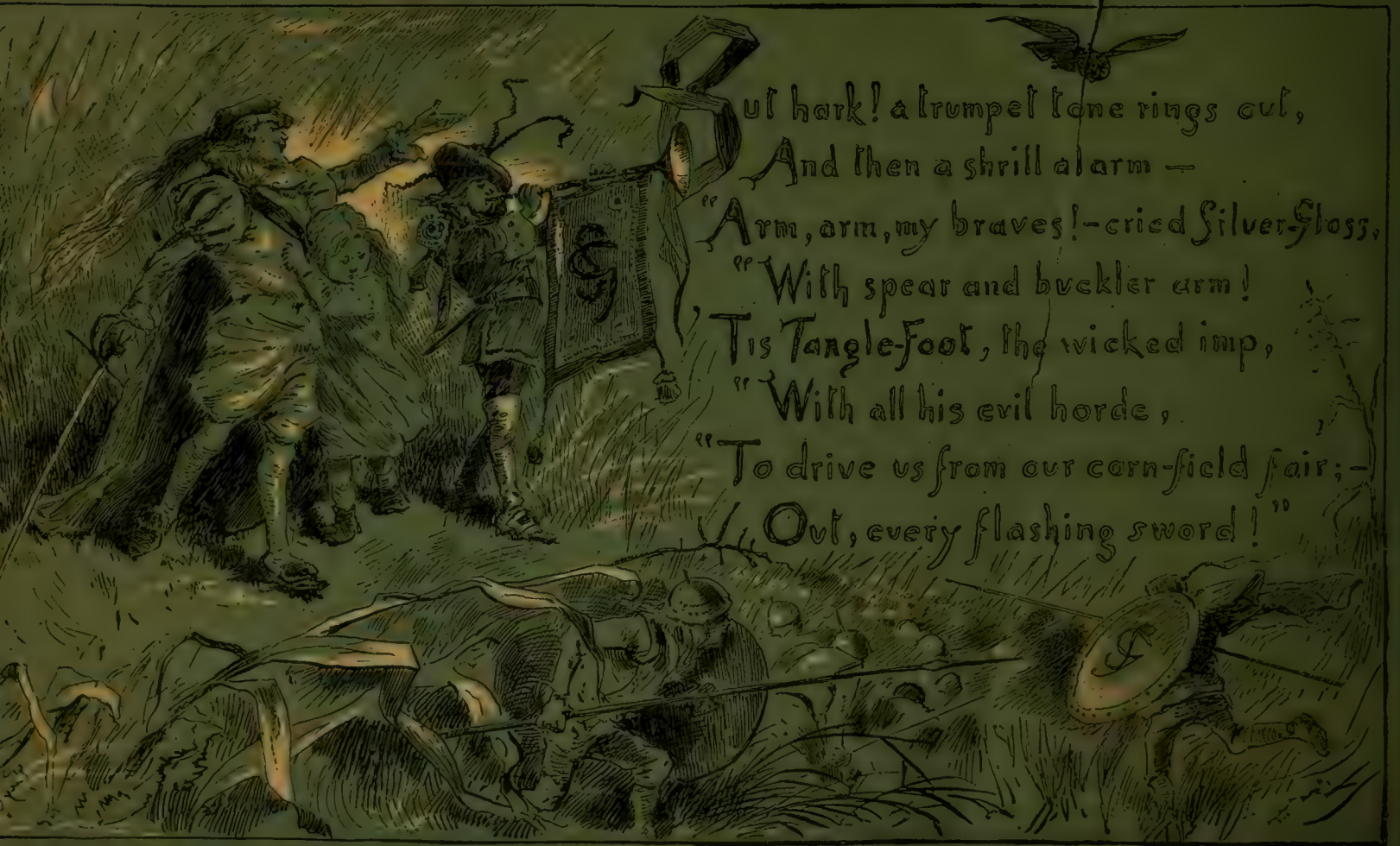
Little Toddlekins awoke,
Scarce believed her eyes;
Sat up straight and looked about
In a vast surprise;
All the cornfield was alive —
Such a wondrous sight —
With a throng of fairy forms
In the moonshine bright.

uzzled little Toddlekins,
Wide-eyed gazed around;
Came a princely cavalier,
Bowing to the ground;
With a tasseled cap of gold,
And a cloak of green —
"Little Toddlekins," he said,
"Will you be my queen?"

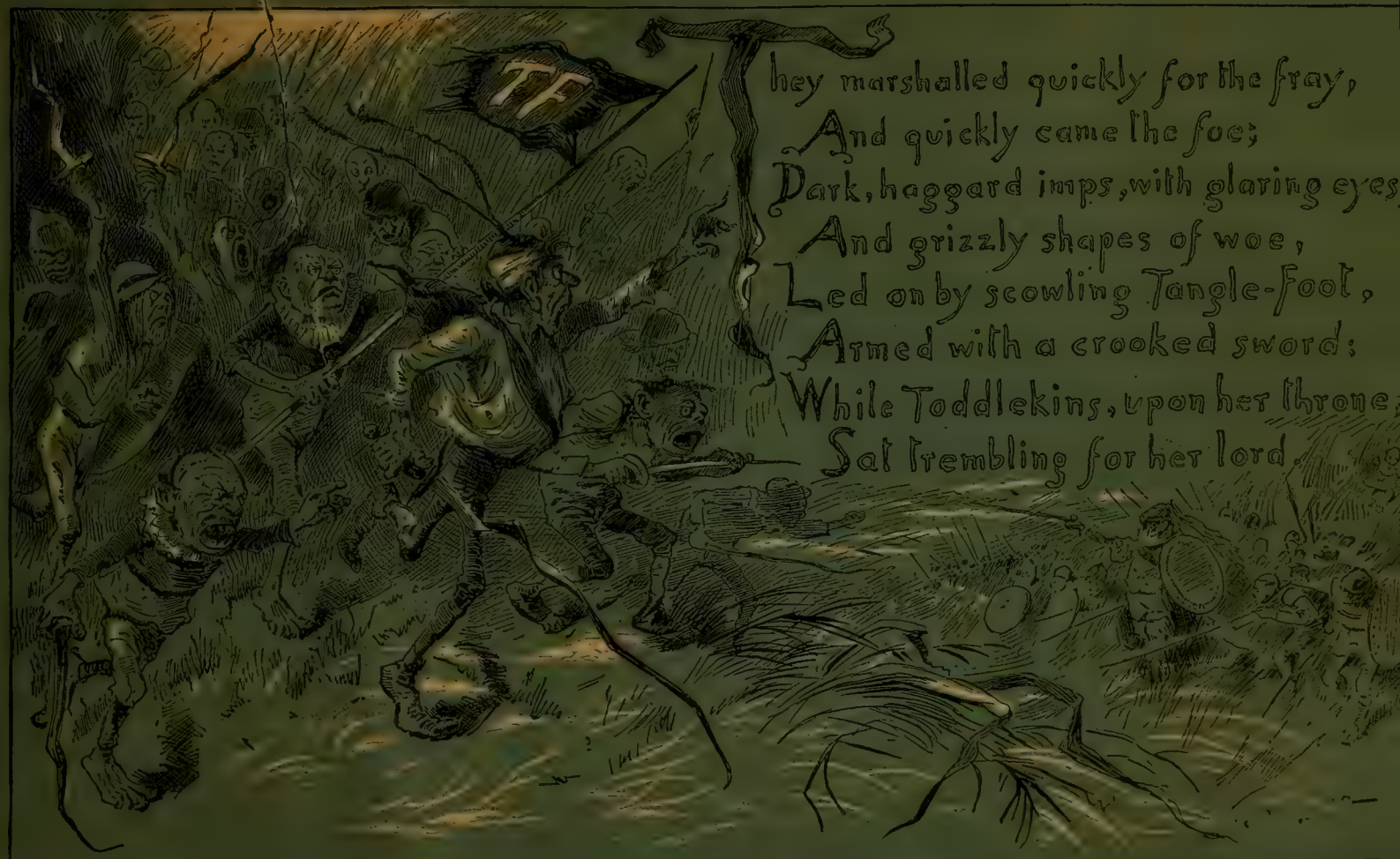
I'm the king of corn-field says,
Silver Gloss my name:
These my peers and paladins
Of honorable fame;
These my subjects – will you be
Their queen and mine?" said he
"I ask it on my bended knees";
"If you please," said she.

He took her hand with courtly grace,
And led her to his throne;
See how very, very small
Toddlekins has grown;
All her wonder at an end,
Quietly sedate,
Like a born princess she seemed
In her royal state.


nd then what games and sports went on,
What dances and what fun.
What races on unsightly steeds
With spindle-shanks were run;
What flights into the moon-lit air
On gauzy-winged balloons;
While all the while the insect choir
Played up their million tunes.



But hark! a trumpet tone rings out,
And then a shrill alarm —
"Arm, arm, my braves!" cried Silver-Gloss,
"With spear and buckler arm!
'Tis Tangle-Foot, the wicked imp,
"With all his evil horde,
"To drive us from our corn-field fair;—
"Out, every flashing sword!"


They marshalled quickly for the fray,
And quickly came the foe;
Dark, haggard imps, with glaring eyes
And grizzly shapes of woe,
Led on by scowling Tangle-foot,
Armed with a crooked sword:
While Toddlekins, upon her throne,
Sat trembling for her lord.

"Strike! faries, strike! for life and limb,
For honor and for fame!
And strike to rid your corn-field home
Of wickedness and shame!
Hurrah! hurrah! for Silver-Gloss!
The evil one is down!
The silver-crested fairy king
Has saved his life and crown!

hen all the phantoms shrieking fled,
And joyously once more
The fairies sang and danced and playe
As merrily as before.
While through the pleasant summer nig
O'er hills and fields and dells,
The insect voices rose and fe
Like chiming silver bells.

The moon sank down, the light of dawn
Came creeping o'er the skies,
And troubled little Toddlekins
Rubbed both her sleepy eyes;
Upon her pumpkin throne she sat
Quite lonesome and forlorn,
For nothing of the show remained
But waving fields of corn.

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